The Dice

By Zoe Figgis

Gracie was the youngest of 7, so she didn’t get much attention from her parents, David and Jane. As soon as Gracie didn’t have to breastfeed and could walk, Gracie’s parents forgot all about her. She survived as her older brother Nick, who also felt left behind fed her and cared for her. These two were stuck in their room all weekend but they kept occupied, with the dice.   
  
The dice didn’t have numbers on it. The dice only showed question marks, that when rolled came up with a game that you could play. Not monopoly or bingo, a real life game. One that would scoop the players up and at the end of the game, send them home. This was an old game of Jane’s that she had left in the attic to cover dust, hoping no one would play it again. Jane, along with nearly everything else, forgot about the game and never realised that Nick could play it, as his room was up there.  
  
Gracie and Nick threw the dice, excitement pumping through their veins. What would happen this time? An adventure to save the princess from the fiery dragon? That would be cool. The dice rolled across the ground until it came to a halt. That familiar hand rose and grasped the children, and took them inside. Gracie glanced at her room, and realised that this game would only have one winner, and the winner was standing right next to her.